

PAUL AND MARY,

A N

INDIAN STORY.

VOL. II.

PAUL AND MARY

A

INDIAN STORY

VOL. II

PAUL AND MARY,

A N

INDIAN STORY.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

V O L. II.

Quos rami fructus, quos ipsa volentia rura
Sponte tulere sua, carpfit: nec ferrea jura,
Infanumque forum, aut populi tabularia vidit.

GEORG. VIRG.

L O N D O N:

PRINTED FOR J. DODSLEY, PALL-MALL.

M.DCC.LXXXIX.

PAUL AND MARY.

PAUL did not find much amusement in the study of geography, which, instead of describing the nature of each country, only gives its political divisions. History, particularly modern history, interested him as little. He only saw general and periodical evils, without being able to distinguish their source. Wars, which seemed to have neither cause nor end; intricate cabals; nations

without energy, and princes without humanity. He preferred to such studies the reading of romances, which, relating more to the sentiments and the interests of men, sometimes presented to his view situations which had a near resemblance to his own : and Telemachus was the work from which he received the most pleasure, from its pictures of simple life, and the description of those passions which are natural to the human heart. He read to his mother and Madame de la Tour such parts as most affected him ; and then tender recollections pressing upon his mind, his voice faltered, and his eyes filled with tears. The dignity and wisdom of Antiope, and the tenderness
and

and sorrows of Eucharis, appeared to him all united in Mary. But he was quite lost and confounded when he read our fashionable novels, so corrupt both in their manners and morals; and when he was told that these constituted a true picture of society in Europe, he trembled, and not without some degree of reason, lest Mary should be perverted and forget him.

Two years in effect had passed away, and Madame de la Tour had had no letter from her aunt, or from her daughter; she had only heard, from other hands, that Mary had landed safely in France. At length she received, by a vessel which was on its passage to India, a packet and a letter written in

Mary's own hand. Notwithstanding the caution with which her kind and affectionate child expressed herself, Madame de la Tour saw plainly that she was unhappy. This letter was so good a picture of her character and her situation, that I took a copy of it, and I can repeat it, I believe, almost word for word.

“ My dearly beloved mother,

“ I have already written several letters to you with my own hand; but having received no answer, I have reason to fear that they did not reach you. I have better hopes of this, from the precautions I have taken to forward it to you, and to receive your answer.

“ I have

“ I have shed many tears since our separation.—I, who had never wept before, but for the misfortunes of others ! My great aunt expressed much surprise, when she questioned me about my improvements, and I told her that I could neither read nor write. She asked what I had been learning ever since I came into the world ; and when I told her, that it was to take care of the house, and do what you ordered me, she said I had been brought up like a menial servant. The next day she sent me to school at a large abbey near Paris, where I had all sorts of masters : amongst other things, I was taught history, geography, grammar, mathematics, and to

ride on horseback ; but I have so little genius for any of these acquirements, that I am sure I shall make no progress. I am sensible that I have, as they all tell me, a very feeble understanding. The kindness of my aunt, however, is not diminished. She gives me new cloaths every change of season ; and I have two waiting-maids, who are as well dressed as myself. She makes me take the title of Countess, and insists on my no longer calling myself De la Tour—a name as dear to me as to yourself, from what you have told me of my father, and all that he suffered before he obtained you. She has, however, given me your maiden name, and that too is dear
to

to me, because it once was yours. As I found myself in a situation so affluent, I desired her to send some little supply to you. How can I relate her answer? but you wish me to tell you the exact truth: she said, that a small sum would be of no use to you, and that, in the kind of life you led, a large one would be rather an incumbrance.

“ I intended to have employed some person here to write for me, as soon as I came; but finding no one in whom I could place a confidence, I applied myself night and day to learn to write myself, and, thank Heaven, I made myself mistress of it in a short time. I gave my first letters to the ladies who

wait upon me, and desired that they might be sent to you ; but I have reason to think that they carried them to my great aunt. I have now recourse to one of the boarders, who expresses a friendship for me ; and I desire that your answers may be enclosed to her, with the under-written direction.

“ My aunt has forbid me to have any correspondence whatever, as she says it might prove an obstacle to those advantages she has in view for me. Nobody is allowed to see me at the grate, excepting herself and an old nobleman, who has, she says, taken a liking to my person. To say the truth, I should have no liking for him,

him, were it indeed possible that I could feel interested for any body here.

I am surrounded with all the splendor of wealth, but I have not the disposal of a farthing: they say, that if I were allowed money, it might be of ill consequence. Even my cloaths belong to my women, and they quarrel about them before I have done wearing them. In the midst of riches I am poorer than I was when with you; for I have nothing to give.

When I found that my fine acquirements would not furnish me with the means of doing the least service to any body, I had recourse to needle-work, which you had happily taught me; and I send
you

you several pair of stockings, which I have made for you, and for my mama Margaret, a cap for Domingo, and one of my red handkerchiefs for Frances. I enclose also some kernels of fruits which I had at my deserts, and seeds of all the trees which grow in the park belonging to the abbey, which I collected in my hours of recreation. There are also some seeds of violets, daifies, poppies, corn-flowers, butter-cups, and scabiouses, which I picked up in my walks. The flowers in the fields are more beautiful here than with us; but they are entirely disregarded. I am sure that you and my mama Margaret will be more pleased with this bag of seeds, than you were
with

with the purse-full of piaftres which was the cause of our separation, and of my sorrow. It will be a great pleasure to me if you should one day see apple-trees growing by the side of our bananas, and beeches mixing their boughs with those of the coco-trees : you will think yourself transported to Normandy, which you love so much.

You enjoined me to tell you all my pleasures and my pains : I can have no joy when I am separated from you : as for my sorrows, I appease them as much as I can, by considering that I am in a situation where you, in obedience to the will of God, have placed me. The most painful circumstance to me here is the having no one who can talk to me of you, and I cannot

not talk of you to any body. My chamber-women, or rather my aunt's, tell me, when I attempt to introduce any conversation relating to what is dearest to my heart, that I am a French woman, and that I ought to think no more of a savage country. Alas! I must forget myself before I can forget my native land, and the place where you reside! This is to me a savage country, for I live in it alone, without one human being to whom I can impart the love and tenderness I have for you, and which I shall carry with me to the grave.

Dear and most beloved parent,
I am your very affectionate
and obedient child,

MARY DE LA TOUR.

"I recommend to your care and
friendship

friendship Frances and Domingo, who were so careful of me in my infancy; and pray cares Tayo for me, who found me in the woods,"

Paul was amazed to find that he was not named in the letter, when even the dog belonging to the house had been remembered by her; but he did not know, that, however long the letter, a woman never mentions what is nearest to her heart till the end.

In a Postscript, Mary particularly recommended to the care of Paul two sorts of seed, the violet and the scabious: she gave him some directions with regard to the nature of the plants, and the places where they would be most likely to succeed. "The violet," she

said, " is a little flower of a deep blue, which loves to hide itself in the bushes; but it is discovered by its delightful fragrance." She desired him to sow it upon the edge of the fountain, at the foot of her coco-tree. " The scabious," she added, " bears a flower of a very tender blue, with a dark eye, speckled with white. It seems in mourning, and is for that reason called the widow's flower. It delights in arid soils, and in situations exposed to the wind." She desired him to put this flower upon the rock, where she had talked to him for the last time, the evening before she left the island, and, for her sake, to call it for the future, *The Farewell Rock*.

She had put these seeds into a

†

little

little purse, of which the texture was simple, but which appeared above all price in the eyes of Paul, when he perceived a P. and an M. interwoven together in a cypher, and worked in hair, which, by its beauty, he knew to be her own.

The letter of this amiable and good girl affected them all. Madame de la Tour immediately answered it, and desired her, in the name of the whole family, either to stay or return, as she chose; assuring her, that they had all, in losing her, lost their greatest happiness, and that, for herself, nothing could console her.

Paul wrote a very long letter, in which he told her, that he should endeavour to make the garden worthy

worthy to receive her, and that he would mingle the plants of Europe and Africa, as she had combined the letters of their names in her embroidery. He sent her some coco-nuts from her fountain, which were arrived to maturity; but he told her, that he would send no other seeds from the island, that her desire to see all its productions might be an additional motive to hasten her home: and he conjured her to comply with the ardent vows and wishes of the family for her return, and, above all, with his, who could know no happiness without her.

Paul sowed the European seeds with the utmost care, and particularly the violet and scabious, whose
flowers

flowers seemed to bear some analogy to the character and situation of Mary, and which were endeared to him by her having recommended them to his attention ; but they had either been spoiled in the voyage, or the climate of this part of Africa is unfavourable to them, for but few of them came up, and those did not arrive to perfection.

Envy, in the mean time, which often precedes good fortune, particularly in these colonies, had spread reports in the island which gave much anxiety to Paul. Some of the passengers, on board the vessel which had brought Mary's letter, affirmed, that she was soon to be married ; they mentioned the name of the nobleman who was to marry

her ; and some went so far as to assert that the marriage had actually taken place, and that they had been present at it. At first, Paul disregarded news brought by trading vessels, knowing how common it is for them to spread false reports where they land ; but, as many of the inhabitants, with a sort of malicious pity, affected to take part in his disappointment, he began to have some apprehension that it might be true : and having besides, in many novels that he had read, found that falsehood was looked upon only as a sort of pleasantry in Europe, and knowing that these books were a faithful picture of European manners, he feared that Mary might have her
mind

mind perverted, and forget her first engagements. He was made unhappy already by his knowledge: but what most contributed to raise his doubts, was the arrival of several European ships, which touched here in the course of the following year, and which brought no tidings of her.

The unfortunate young man, in the distress and agitation of his mind, often came to me, seeking, in my experience of the world, something to confirm or to banish his doubts.

I live, as I told you before, about a league and a half from hence, upon the banks of a small river, which runs near the long mountain: there I pass my life in

C 2 solitude,

solitude, without wife or child, and without slaves.

Next to the happiness of meeting with a companion of a kindred mind, and of a taste and disposition suited to our own; a blessing which is the lot of few; the state least unhappy is that of solitude. All men, who have been ill treated by the world, seek retirement. It is an extraordinary circumstance, and worthy to be remarked, that all those nations which are unfortunate in their government, in their opinions, or in their morals, have produced numerous classes of citizens, who have devoted themselves to solitude and celibacy: such were the Egyptians in their decline; the

†

Greeks

Greeks of the Lower Empire ; and such, in our days, are the Indians, the Chinese, the modern Greeks, the Italians, and most of the Eastern and Southern nations of Europe. Solitude restores to man, in some degree, his natural happiness, by averting social evils. In our societies, which are disunited by so many prejudices, the mind is perpetually agitated : we are continually revolving all the turbulent and contradictory opinions with which the members of wretched and ambitious sects endeavour to subdue each other. But in solitude, the strange illusions disappear : man recovers the simple perceptions of his being, of the creation, and of the Creator. Like

the troubled water of a torrent, which lays waste the fields, if it finds a silent bed remote from its course, it regains its limpid clearness, and reflects its own banks, and the verdure of the earth, and the azure of the sky. Solitude, too, restores health to the body, as well as harmony to the mind. It is in the class of men devoted to solitude, that are to be found the most extraordinary instances of longevity; as amongst the Bramins of India. Indeed, I think it so essential to happiness, even in the world, that it appears to me impossible to have a permanent satisfaction in any opinions, or to regulate our conduct upon any certain principles, if we do not make
to

to ourselves a sort of interior solitude, from which our sentiments are seldom allowed to escape, and into which the opinions of others are never suffered to enter. I do not say, however, that man should live entirely secluded; he is connected by his weakness and his necessities with all the human race; he owes his labour therefore to man; he owes himself to all nature. But, as Heaven has given us organs perfectly adapted to the globe which we inhabit; feet to walk; lungs to breathe the air; eyes to see; and that we cannot pervert the use of these senses; he has reserved for himself, who is the author of life, the heart, which is its principal organ.

I pass my days, as I have already told you, far removed from the world, which I would have served, and by which I have been persecuted. After long travels over most of the countries of Europe, and some parts of America and Africa, I settled at last in this thinly-inhabited island, attracted by its mild air, and its vast deserts. A hut, which I built in the forest, at the foot of a tree; a piece of land, cultivated by my own labour; a river, which runs by my door; are all that I require for my wants or my pleasures; and I have the additional enjoyment of such books as instruct me how to become better. By their means, even the world which I have quitted is
made

made to contribute to my present tranquillity, by presenting pictures of those passions which render its inhabitants wretched ; and when I compare their lot with mine, I feel that I possess at least a negative happiness. Like a man who has escaped to a rock, after the wreck of a vessel, I contemplate, from my asylum, the storms which spread devastation over the rest of the globe ; and the distant sound of the tempest seems to add to the calmness of my situation. Now that I am no longer in the way of men, that they are not in mine, I pity them, but do not hate them. If I meet with any one in distress, I endeavour to assist him with my advice, as a traveller by
the

the side of a torrent stretches out his hand to a wretch who is fallen into it. But the innocent only attend to my voice: Nature speaks to the rest in vain; her image is by each cloathed with their own passions; they pursue through life the phantom which leads them astray, and then complain to Heaven, of errors which were of their own creation. Amongst the number of the wretched whom I have endeavoured to bring back to nature, I never found one who was not fascinated by what occasioned his misery. They all listened to me at first, expecting that I should assist them in the acquirement of either riches or honours; but when they found that what I wished to teach, was

to

to do without them, they pitied me for not being engaged in the same wretched pursuits; they blamed my reclusive life; they called themselves the only class of men useful to the world, and endeavoured to draw me into the same vortex. I converse freely with all men, and hear their opinions; but am no longer governed by them. Sometimes I serve as a lesson to myself; in the present calm that I enjoy, I go over in my mind all the former agitations of my own life, to which I gave such importance; fortune, patronage, fame, pleasure, and the opinions which are disputed in all parts of the world. I compare those men whom I have seen en-

4

gaged

gaged in fierce contests, and who are now no more, to the rapid currents which foam and dash against the rocks, and then disappear, to return no more for ever. As for me, I glide peaceably down the stream of time, towards the depths of futurity, where all shores cease; and, from contemplating the harmonious system of nature, I raise my mind to its Creator, and hope for a happier lot in some future world.

Though in the view from my hermitage, which is in the middle of a wood, there is not that variety of objects which we see from this height, there is such a disposition of the different parts, as makes the situation very pleasing, particularly to a man who desires
 less

less to extend his thoughts than to revolve them in his own bosom. The river which passes by my house, runs strait through the wood, so that I see a long reach of it from my door, overshadowed with trees of various foliage. Tatamacks, ebony, and what we here call apple-wood, olives, and cinnamon. Groves of palmetto raise their upright and naked columns to the height of an hundred feet, and their tufted tops, standing high above the rest, seem like one forest growing upon another. Various sorts of creepers hang from tree to tree, and form festoons and arches of flowers, and long draperies of green foliage. The aromatic gums with which they abound, fill

fill the air with so rich a perfume, that a man who has passed through the wood, can perceive the smell of them in his cloaths for some hours afterwards. In the flowering season, you would imagine that the trees were half covered with snow. Towards the end of the summer, many species of foreign birds, led by an incomprehensible instinct, cross the immense ocean, from unknown regions, and come to feed upon the various seeds produced in the island, and the vivid colours of their plumage make a beautiful contrast with the brown tints of the leaves scorched by the summer sun. Amongst others, there are many sorts of lories and blue pigeons, which are here called

called Dutch pigeons. All the monkey tribe, constant inhabitants of these woods, play amongst the branches, and are distinguished from the bark by the green or grey colour of their coats and their black faces ; some hang from the boughs by their tail, and swing backwards and forwards in the air ; others leap from tree to tree, holding their little ones to their bosom. The report of no murderous weapon ever frightened these peaceful children of nature. Nothing is heard but sounds of joy, and the notes and unknown warblings of southern birds, which are repeated by the echoes of the forest. The river, which runs rapidly over a bed of stone, in its glassy stream, reflects
at

at once the venerable masses of shade, and the wanton plays of their happy people. About a thousand paces below, it is formed into a cascade by rocks: at the top it is a broad sheet of water, transparent as crystal; but being broken in its fall, it is precipitated to the bottom in white foam. A thousand confused sounds are formed by the tumultuous torrent, which the wind sometimes carries to a distance, and sometimes unites and brings all collected to the ear at once, deafening the sense. The air, constantly agitated by the current of water, preserves upon the banks of this river, even during the burning heats of summer, a coolness and verdure which
are

are scarcely to be met with upon the highest parts of the island.

At some distance beyond, far enough removed from the cascade for us not to be disturbed by the noise, and yet so near as to enjoy its beauty, and the freshness of the air, we used sometimes, during the great heats, to dine together under a rock; Madame de la Tour, Margaret, Paul, Mary, and myself. As Mary's most common actions were always directed to some good purpose, she never eat a fruit, when she was in these parties, without putting the seed or kernel into the ground. "These will hereafter produce trees," she used to say, "whose fruit will be eaten by some traveller, or at least by some bird." One day, after

VOL. II.

D

eating

eating a papayer in this spot, she sowed the seeds of it; and soon several young plants came up, amongst which there was one female, that is, one which bears seed. When she left the island it was not so tall as a child; but, as it is of quick growth, it was, three years afterwards, twenty feet high, and its stem surrounded at the top with several rows of ripe fruit. Paul coming accidentally to the place, felt a sudden emotion of pleasure at the sight of a large tree, raised from a seed which he remembered to have been planted by Mary; but it as suddenly made him recollect her long absence, and filled him with deep regret. The objects which we see every day do not make us sensible of the swiftness

ness with which time passes away; they grow old as we do, by gradual and imperceptible decay; but those which we have lost sight of for some years, and then suddenly meet with again, remind us of the rapidity with which the stream of life flows from us. Paul felt the same surprise at the sight of this tree loaded with fruit, which a traveller, after a long absence, would feel when he returned to his country, if, instead of his former companions, he found their children, whom he had left in their cradles, grown up and become fathers themselves. At first he would have cut it down, because it marked too cruelly the length of time which she had been absent; but

then, considering it as a testimony of her general beneficence, he kissed the bark, and uttered a thousand expressions of love and tenderness. Sacred tree ! whose descendants now exist in our forests, I have myself beheld you with more pleasure than the triumphal arches of the Romans ! May time, which destroys the monuments of ambition, multiply those of virtuous poverty !

At the foot of this tree, I was sure to meet Paul when he came to my part of the country. One day that I found him here, oppressed with grief, I had a conversation with him, which I will relate to you, if you are not tired of my long digressions : they are excusable

excusable at my age, and upon the subject of my last affections.

He began with saying, "I am very unhappy! Mademoiselle de la Tour has been absent three years and a half, and, during the last year and half, we have not heard from her. She is rich; I am poor; and she has forgotten me! I have a mind to embark and go to France; I will enter into the King's service; by that means I shall acquire a fortune; and when I have obtained riches and honours, her aunt will consent to our marriage."

"My dear friend!" said I, "did you not tell me yourself, that you had no rank?"

“ My mother told me so,” he answered : “ as for me, I don’t know what is meant by rank. I never perceived that I had less than others, or that others had more than myself.”

“ The want of rank,” I replied, “ will exclude you from all great posts in France. You could not even be admitted into any distinguished regiment.”

“ I have,” said he, “ often heard you mention, as one cause of the greatness of France, that the lowest subject might rise to the highest honours ; and you have even quoted many celebrated names, who, from an obscure situation, had become the glory of their
 † country.

country. Why would you discourage me ?”

“ My dear child !” I said, “ I will never discourage you. I told you what was true of past times ; but all is now changed. Every thing is become venal ; every thing is looked upon as the patrimony of a few families, or the property of certain bodies of men : the king, like the sun in the midst of clouds, is surrounded by them, and it is almost impossible that even one ray should fall upon you.

“ Formerly, in a less complicated administration, such phenomena have been seen ; and then virtues and talents were unfolded on every side, like newly-culti-

vated land, which gives out all its nourishment. But such kings as are able to judge accurately of the characters of men, and to select them properly, are rare. In general, they suffer themselves to be led by the courtiers who surround them."

"But perhaps," he said, "I may meet with some of these great men, who will patronize me."

"In order to obtain the protection of the great," I answered, "it is necessary to serve them in their views of ambition, or in their pleasures; and you cannot succeed amongst them, for you are without rank, and you have probity and honour."

"But,

“But, I shall be so daring, so faithful, so diligent, so exact in all my duty,” he replied, “that I shall deserve to be adopted by some one amongst them, according to the custom, of which I have seen accounts, in the ancient histories that you have given me to read.”

“Virtue,” said I, “amongst the Greeks and Romans, even in their decline, was held in respect by men in power; but of the number of celebrated characters, which have from obscurity been raised to fame, I do not know one, who has been adopted by any great family. Were it not for our kings, virtue would remain for ever plebeian. Sometimes they treat it
with

with respect, when it becomes known to them; but the distinctions, which formerly were its reward, are now obtained only by money."

"If I cannot acquire the friendship of a man in power," he answered, "I will endeavour to make myself acceptable to some body of men. By entering into their views, and adopting their opinions, I shall gain their affection."

"You will then be like other Europeans," I replied; "you will give up your principles to acquire fortune."

"Oh no!" said he, "I shall always seek the truth."

"You would perhaps in that case," I answered, "make them
enemies

enemies instead of friends. Besides, bodies of men are very little interested in the discovery of truth. The ambitious only desire power, and are perfectly indifferent about all opinions."

"Unfortunate as I am," he cried, "I am every way disappointed. I am condemned to pass an obscure laborious life, and absent from Mary!" And he gave a deep sigh.

"Let Heaven be your only patron," said I, "and look upon the human race as the body that you would serve. Be constant in your duty to both. Great families, communities, kings, people, have their prejudices and their passions; their service often requires

quires the practice of vice. Heaven and mankind are served by the practice of virtue.

“But why do you wish to distinguish yourself from other men? It cannot be a natural desire; because, if it was common to all, each man would be in a state of warfare with his neighbour. Be satisfied with the exercise of your duty in the state in which Providence has placed you; and bless your lot, which enables you to judge and act for yourself; which does not make your happiness depend on the opinion of the multitude, like men in high stations; or oblige you meanly to court the favour of the great for mere support, which is too often the fate of poverty. You are in a country, and
in

in a situation, in which you can obtain all the necessaries of life, without being obliged to deceive, or flatter, or debase yourself, like most of those who are in search of fortune in Europe. In your state you may be allowed the exercise of every virtue: you may, with impunity, be honest, faithful, sincere, informed, patient, temperate, chaste, mild, forgiving, pious; and no sense of ridicule will destroy your judgment, which is now only opening. Heaven has blessed you with liberty, health, a good conscience, and friends. The kings, whose favour you wish to obtain, are not so happy."

"Alas!" he answered, "it is Mary only that I want! Without
her

her I have nothing ; possessed of her I should have every thing. She is to me rank, honour, riches. But, since celebrity is necessary in order to obtain her, I must acquire celebrity. By books and application I shall become learned. I will make myself master of the sciences. I will serve men by instructing them ; and, without hurting any one, without depending upon any one, I shall acquire fame, and owe it only to myself."

"My dear Paul!" said I, "talents are still more rare than birth or riches ; without doubt they are of more value, since no power can take them away, and that the esteem of the public is always attached to them. But they cost dear,

dear. They are to be acquired only by privations of every kind, by a delicacy of feeling which occasions great unhappiness, both in our own minds, and in our commerce with society, from the persecution of cotemporaries. The soldier is not envied by the men of the law, the seaman is not envied by the soldier; but all enter the lists with a man of genius; for all think they have pretensions. "You talk of doing good to men! He that produces two blades of glass where before there grew but one, renders them a more essential service than the man who writes a book for them."

"Oh! the planter of this tree," cried Paul, "made a sweeter and more

more useful present to the inhabitants of this forest, than if she had given them many volumes!" and he put his arms about the trunk, and eagerly kissed the bark.

"The best of all books," I continued, "which teaches nothing but equality, love, peace, and concord — the Gospel — has for ages served as a pretence to the Europeans for all the horrors of bloodshed. What tyrannies are still exercised in its name! After this, who can flatter themselves with the expectation of being useful to men by their writings? Recollect the history of almost all the philosophers who have taught them wisdom. Homer, whose lessons were cloathed
in

in such beautiful poetry, depended upon alms for his support. Socrates, whose life and conversation were as mild and as amiable as his doctrine, was condemned by the Athenians to suffer death by poison. His sublime disciple, Plato, was delivered up to bondage, by order of the prince who should have protected him; and before them Pythagoras, who extended his humanity even to the brute creation, was burnt alive by the inhabitants of Croton. And that is not all—most of these illustrious names have descended to us disfigured by some stroke of satire, which characterises them in the opinion of an ungrateful world; and if, amongst the number, the

fame of a few has arrived pure and unfullied to us, it is because those few lived retired, and did not mix with their cotemporaries: like the statues that are dug up entire in the fields of Greece and Italy, and which, from having been buried in the bosom of the earth, have escaped the fury of barbarous nations.

“ In order therefore to acquire the dangerous fame that is obtained by learning, you find that much virtue is requisite; sometimes even the sacrifice of life itself. You think, perhaps, that this sort of fame has attractions for those who are possessed of great wealth in France! They care little for men of letters, whose talents procure neither rank, nor power,
nor

nor even admission at court. There is indeed but little persecution, in an age in which every thing is regarded with indifference, excepting pleasure and riches; but virtue and knowledge cannot hope for any distinguished reward, where every employment in the state is sold for money. Formerly their recompence was certain in the church, the magistracy, or in the administration; but now they are of no use but to make books. The production is still, however, worthy of its divine origin; for to these writings it is reserved to give consolation to the unfortunate, to raise modest merit, to enlighten nations, and to speak truth even to kings: the most sublime em-

ployment which Heaven can bestow upon man. Who would not be consoled for the injustice or contempt of those who are now in power, by reflecting that his work may descend to future ages, and succeeding nations, a bulwark against error, and a curb to tyranny; and that from the bosom of obscurity in which he lived, there will arise a splendor of fame, which will efface that of the kings and princes of the earth; whose monuments are lost in oblivion, in spite of the flattery which raises them?"

"Alas!" answered Paul, "I do not desire these honours, but that Mary may share them, and have the esteem of the whole world.

But

But you, who have acquired so much learning, tell me if I shall obtain her in marriage. I should wish for so much knowledge, as to be able to look into futurity."

"Oh, my dear friend!" said I, "who would wish for life if he knew what was to happen? If an evil which we only apprehend, is capable of giving us so much vain disquiet; the certain expectation of one, would embitter all our days. So far from desiring to know the future, we ought not even to consider the present too deeply. Providence, which gave us reflection to provide against our wants, gave us wants to set bounds to our reflections."

“However,” said he, “you tell me, that rank and honours are to be purchased in France with money. I will go to Bengal and make a fortune there, that I may afterwards marry Mary in Europe. I will immediately embark.”

I asked him, if he could resolve to abandon his mother, and the mother of Mary?

He reminded me of having myself advised his going to India, some time before.

“Mary was then here,” I said; “but you are now their only support.”

“Mary will be able to assist them,” he answered, “by means of her rich relation.”

“When

“When the rich give,” I replied, “it is generally to those from whom they are likely to receive some credit in the world. Many, that are in affluence, have relations much more distressed in their circumstances than Madame de la Tour is, who, for want of a trifling assistance, have sacrificed their liberty for bread, and pass their lives immured in convents.”

“O let not Mary remain in such a country!” he cried. “Let her come back to us! What need had she of a rich relation? She was so happy under these thatched roofs; so beautiful with only a pink handkerchief or a few flowers

about her head!—O Mary, return! Quit your superb apartments and your magnificence. Come back to these rocks, to the shade of these woods, and to our coco-trees. Alas! you are perhaps now unhappy”—and his eyes filled with tears. “O! hide nothing from me. If you cannot tell me whether Mary will be mine, tell me at least if she still loves me, surrounded as she is by those great men, who enjoy the favour of the king.”

“Yes, my good friend,” I answered, “I am sure that she loves you, and I have many reasons for believing it; but the strongest is, that she has a virtuous mind.”

Transported

Transported with these words, he embraced me with an ecstasy of joy.

“But do you think,” said he, “that the European women are as faithless, as they are represented to be in plays, and in some of the books which you have furnished me with?”

“Women cannot be faithful,” I answered, “where men are tyrants. Art must always be the consequence of tyranny.”

“How is it possible?” said Paul, “How can a man become the tyrant of a woman?”

“By not consulting their inclinations,” I replied; “by uniting those who are not suited to each other in age, or disposition; by
marrying

marrying a mild, affectionate woman, perhaps, to a cold austere man."

"But," said Paul, "why not unite those who suit each other; who are of the same age, and who love one another?"

"Because most of the young people in France," I answered, "have small fortunes, and that they do not acquire a fund, sufficient to enable them to marry, till they are advanced in years. In their youth, they seduce the wives of others, and after a youth so passed, they cannot become the object of a lasting attachment. They begin with deceiving others, and are themselves deceived in their turn: it is a necessary consequence,

quence, and according to the laws of universal justice, by which the world is governed. One error always balances another. In this manner the Europeans in general pass their lives; and the two-fold disorder is increased, when the wealth of the country is accumulated in few hands. The state may be considered as a garden, in which the small trees do not flourish if large ones overshadow them; but there is this difference, that the beauty of a garden may result from a few great trees; but the prosperity of a state depends upon the number and equality of its subjects, and not upon a few rich men."

"Why

“Why is it necessary to be rich,” said he, “in order to marry?”

“That people may live in affluence and luxury,” I answered, “and do nothing.”

“But why should not they work?” said Paul, “I find no hardship in labour.”

“Because in Europe,” I replied, “those who are employed in manual labour are degraded; they are called mechanics. Those who cultivate the land are the least esteemed of any. An artist is much more considered than a peasant.”

“Can that labour, upon which they depend for their existence,
be

be despised in Europe?" said he—
 "I do not understand you."

"No, it is not possible," I answered, "that a man, brought up as you have been, in the simplicity of nature, should understand the depravity of society. One may form an idea of what is consistent and according to order; but not of confusion and irregularity. Beauty, virtue, happiness, have fixed and certain bounds; misery, vice, deformity, have none."

"The rich are very happy!" said Paul. "They meet with no obstacles. They may indulge those they love with every gratification, every enjoyment."

"They

“ They have, most of them,” I answered, “ worn out all pleasures, because they procure them without difficulty. You know by experience, that the pleasure of repose must be purchased by fatigue ; that of eating, by hunger ; of drinking, by thirst. That of loving and being beloved, is only to be acquired by a multitude of privations and sacrifices. The rich lose all these gratifications, because their wants are prevented. And, added to the lassitude which follows satiety, they have a pride proceeding from wealth, which makes them impatient of the loss of pleasure, though they have no enjoyment from the possession of it.

it. The odour of a thousand roses pleases but for a moment; the pain occasioned by one of their thorns is long felt. One hardship, in the midst of luxuries, is to the opulent a thorn amongst flowers. To the poor, on the contrary, one indulgence, in the midst of hardships, is a flower amongst thorns. They have a lively sense of it. The effect of every thing is increased by contrast. Nature measures with an equal hand. Which situation (all things considered) do you think is the more eligible, that in which there is nothing to hope, and every thing to fear; or one, in which there is nothing to fear, and every

every thing to hope? The former is the state of the rich; the latter is that of the poor. But these extremes it is difficult for man to support; for his happiness consists in mediocrity and virtue."

He asked me, what I meant by virtue.

"You, my dear child," said I, "who support your parents by your labour, you want no definition of virtue. It is an effort that we make to get the better of our own inclinations, for the good of others, from the pure motive of desiring to obey the laws of God."

"How virtuous then is Mary!" he answered. "Virtue made her accept of riches, that she might be beneficent. Virtue made her

†

leave

leave this island; and virtue will make her return to it." The idea of her return heated his imagination, and his fears vanished. He fancied that she was now upon her passage; that she had not written, because she was coming herself. With a good wind, the voyage, he observed, was very short. He enumerated the vessels which had performed it in less than three months, though it is four thousand five hundred leagues. She might be on board of one which would make it in less—the marine was so improved; the ships were better built, and better worked. He talked of the arrangements which he should make for her reception, the new apart-

ment which he should build, and the little pleasures and amusements which he should contrive for her every day, when she became his wife! These thoughts transported him. "You, my dear friend," he added, "will no longer have occasion to do any thing, excepting for your amusement. As Mary will be rich, we shall have a number of negroes, who will be able to work for you. You will live with us, and add to our happiness, and be without care, and at leisure to pursue your own inclinations." He was quite lost and intoxicated with the imaginary joy, and ready to run home to impart it to the family.

But

But violent apprehensions are apt to succeed to warm hopes; for, under the influence of a strong passion, the mind falls from one extreme to the other. After such sanguine expectations, he would, perhaps the next day, return to me, quite oppressed with grief, and say, "Mary does not write to me: if it had been her intention to leave Europe, she would have informed me of it. Alas! the reports concerning her were but too well founded. She is married to the nobleman for whom her aunt intended her. Mary, like many others, has been seduced by riches. In those books, which portray the characters of women, virtue is considered only as the subject

for a romance. If Mary had been really virtuous, she would not have left me and her mother. Whilst I am wasting my days, wholly occupied by her, she thinks not of me! I am in affliction; she is engaged by amusements! Alas! that thought fills me with despair. All employment becomes painful to me, all society irksome. Would to Heaven that war was declared in India! for then I would go thither, and meet death."

"My dear friend," said I, "the courage which makes a man seek death, is but momentary. It is often excited by the vain applause of men. There is a courage more necessary, and more uncommon

—it

—it is that patience which enables us to bear, in silence and in secret, all the crosses and disappointments of life. It is neither produced by the opinion of men or the impulse of our own passions ; but by submission to the will of Heaven. Patience is the true courage of virtue.”

“ Alas !” he cried, “ I am then devoid of virtue ! Every thing conspires to oppress me, and make me desperate.”

“ To be possessed of an equal, constant, invariable virtue,” I answered, “ is not the nature of man. Amidst the passions which agitate us, our reason is often obscured and confounded ; but there are lights, by which it may be re-

stored. The aid of these lights we receive from letters, which are a help sent from Heaven. They are rays of that wisdom which governs the universe. Like the rays of the sun, they enlighten, comfort, warm : they are a celestial fire ; and, like the elementary fire, they convert all nature to our use. By their means we can assemble together about us all things, all ages, all places, and all men. They bring us back to the rules of human life ; calm the passions ; repress vice ; and excite virtue by the example of those great characters whose names they celebrate. They are the daughters of Heaven, who descend upon earth to charm the cares of the human race. Those

a

great

great writers whom they inspire, have always appeared in the times which are most distressful to society—in the ages of barbarism, and the ages of depravity. Letters, my dear friend, have proved a consolation to numberless men more unfortunate than yourself—Xenophon, banished from his country, after having safely conducted home ten thousand Greeks: Scipio Africanus, wearied out by the calumnies, and Lucullus, by the cabals, of the Romans: Catinat, with the ingratitude of his court. The ingenious Greeks assigned to each of the Muses who preside over letters, a particular part of the understanding to direct. In like manner, we should resign our passions to their govern-

government, that they may restrain them with a bit and bridle. They have, with regard to the powers of our mind, the same functions as the Hours, which harnessed and drove the coursers of the Sun. Apply yourself then to books, my dear friend. The sages who have written before our time, are travellers who have preceded us in the paths of woe, and who stretch forth their hands to us, and invite us to join them, when all things else forsake us. A well-written book is a good friend !”

“ Alas !” cried Paul, “ I wanted no books when Mary was here. She had no more learning than myself ; but when she looked at me, and called me her friend, it was

was not possible to feel any distress."

"Certainly," said I, "no friend can be like a mistress by whom we are beloved. There is, besides, in woman a lightness and cheerfulness of disposition, which softens the severe temper of man. Her charms disperse the dark phantoms of the imagination; her countenance inspires love and confidence. What pleasure is not rendered more exquisite by her participation? what cares are not banished by her smiles? what anger can resist her tears? Mary will return more of a philosopher than you are. She will be surprised to find that the garden is neglected; she, who has thought only of embellishing

ing

ing it, notwithstanding the persecution she has met with from her aunt, and banished as she is from you and from her mother."

The expectation of Mary's return renewed his courage, and made him resume his usual occupations upon the farm—rendered happy in his labour, by proposing an end to his employments which flattered his love!

One morning, at break of day, it was the 24th of December 1752, Paul, when he arose, perceived a white flag unfurled upon the mountain *de la Decouverte*, which was the sign usually given when a vessel was descried off the coast. He ran to the town, to see if it brought any news of Mary. He waited
till

till the return of the pilot, who was gone out, as is customary, to reconnoitre. He did not come back till night. He brought word to the Governor, that the vessel was the *St. Gerand*, 700 tons, commanded by Capt. Aubin; that she was four leagues out at sea, and would not be able to make the port till the next evening; and not then, unless the wind proved favourable. There was at that time none. The pilot delivered to him all the letters which came from France. Amongst the rest, there was one for Madame de la Tour, directed in Mary's own hand. Paul immediately seized it, kissed it with transport, and ran home with it. When he was within sight of the family,

family, who were waiting for his return upon the Farewell Rock, he held up the letter in the air, without being able to speak; and they all went directly to Madame de la Tour's house to hear it read. Mary informed her mother, that she had been very ill treated by her great aunt, who would have forced her to marry against her inclinations; that she had afterwards disinherited her, and had now sent her back at a time which necessarily occasioned her to arrive during the stormy season. She said, she had endeavoured to soften her, by reminding her of her former affection for Madame de la Tour, and what she owed to her; but her aunt had only called her a silly girl,

girl, whose head was turned with romances. However, she could now think of nothing but the happiness of seeing and embracing her dear family, and that, in the impatience to gratify her ardent wishes to join them, she would have embarked with the pilot, and have gone to land with him in his boat, if the Captain would have suffered it; but he had absolutely refused to let her go, because they were at a great distance from the shore, and that there appeared to be a prodigious swell out at sea, notwithstanding the stillness of the wind where they were.

All the family, in transports of joy, cried out, "Mary is come!" "Mary is come!" Servants and all embraced

embraced each other. Madame de la Tour desired Paul to acquaint me with her arrival; and immediately Domingo lighted a torch of round-wood, and he and Paul set out for my house.

It might be about ten o'clock at night. I had just extinguished my lamp, and was gone to bed, when I perceived, through the palisades of my cottage, a light in the wood. Soon after, I heard the voice of Paul calling out to me. I got up, and was scarcely dressed, when Paul ran to me, and, quite out of breath, took me in his arms, saying, "Let us go to the port! Mary is arrived! Let us go to the port; the vessel will anchor there to-morrow at break of day."

We

We sat out directly. After we had crossed the woods of the Long Mountain, and were upon the road which leads from Pamplémouffe to the port, I heard the footsteps of some one behind us. It was a negro, who was advancing in great haste; and when he came up with us, I asked him whence he came, and whither he was going? He said, "I come from that district of the island, which is called Poudre d'or: I am sent to give notice to the Governor, that a French ship, at anchor under the island of Amber, is firing minute guns: the sea is stormy, and the vessel is in distress." When he had done speaking, he left us immediately, and hurried on.

"Let

"Let us go to the district of Poudre d'or," said I, "we shall be nearer to the vessel; it is but three leagues from hence." We turned back, and took the road which leads to the northern part of the island. There was a close and suffocating heat. The moon was risen, and surrounded with three obscure circles. The sky was of a fearful darkness.

By the flashes of lightning, which rapidly succeeded each other, we could perceive vast volumes of clouds, black and low, which were driven with impetuosity from the sea, though not a breeze was felt upon the land. They seemed to be collected together and to hover over the center of the island. As we

x

went

went along the road, we thought we heard thunder; but stopping to listen attentively, we found that it was the report of cannon, repeated by the echoes. These distant guns, joined to the stormy appearance of the sky, made me tremble. I had no doubt that they were the signals of distress of some devoted vessel. After half an hour, we heard the cannon no more. And the cessation was more dreadful and alarming than the mournful sounds which had preceded it.

We hastened forward without speaking, not daring to communicate our apprehensions to each other. Towards midnight we came, melted with heat, to the coast in the district of Poudre d'or.

The waves dashed with fury against the shore; the rocks and shingles were covered with froth white as snow, and sparks of fire. Notwithstanding the darkness of the night, we could distinguish, by these phosphoric lights, the barks of the fishermen drawn in far upon the beach.

At some distance, near the entrance of a wood, we saw several of the inhabitants assembled round a fire. We went to them, in order to sit down and wait there till morning. Whilst we were sitting near the fire, one of the company told us, that in the evening he had seen a vessel in the open sea, driving with a strong current towards the island: that the darkness
coming

coming on he had lost sight of it; and that two hours afterwards he had heard distress guns, but there was so high a sea, that no boat could venture out to her assistance: soon after, he thought he had seen her lanterns lighted, and if that was the fact, he should apprehend that the vessel, being come so near the shore, was run between the land and the isle of Amber, mistaking it perhaps for the point of Mira, which is the ship's road to Port Lewis; and if that should be the case, which, however, he could by no means be sure of, the vessel must be in the most imminent danger.—Another of them told us, that he had often crossed the channel which divides the island

of Amber from the coast ; that he had sounded it ; that the bottom and the anchorage were good ; and that the vessel would be as safe there as in the best harbour. "If I was on board a ship in that channel, with all that I am worth," said he, "I should be perfectly easy."—A third said, that it was impossible for the vessel to get into the channel at all ; for that there was hardly depth sufficient for a fishing-boat. He assured us, that he had seen the vessel at anchor beyond the isle of Amber, so that if the wind should rise in the morning, she would have it in her power, either to put out to sea, or to make the harbour.—Several others also gave their opinions ;

nions; they were all different; and whilst they were arguing with one another about them, according to the custom of Creoles who have nothing to do, Paul and I kept a profound silence. We stayed there till the first glimmering of the dawn; but there was not light enough to discover any object at sea, which was, besides, covered with mist; we could however discern a little dark spot, in the distance, like a cloud, which we were told was the isle of Amber, about a quarter of a league from the land. From the obscurity of the morning, we could only distinguish the line of coast where we were, and the craggy points of some of the

mountains, in the interior part of the island; which appeared from time to time, in the midst of the clouds which floated round them.

About seven o'clock, we heard the sound of drums in the wood; it was the Governor, M. de la Bourdonaye, who came on horseback, followed by a detachment of soldiers with their muskets, and a great number of the white inhabitants and negroes. He ordered the men to draw up in a line upon the shore, and to discharge all their pieces at once. As soon as they had fired, we perceived a light upon the sea, which was immediately succeeded by the report of a cannon. We judged from thence that the vessel

was

was very near, and we all ran to the side where we had seen the light. We could then discern through the mist, the hulk and rigging of a large vessel. We were so near to it, that, notwithstanding the roaring of the waves, we could hear the whistle of the boatswain, directing the men; and the three cheers of the sailors, who cried out, "Vive le Roi!" for it is the exclamation of the French in great danger, as well as in times of rejoicing; as if they called upon their prince to assist them in their distress, or wished to express that they were ready to die for his service.

From the time that the St. Gerard perceived that there were

people on the shore ready to assist her, she did not cease to fire guns every three minutes.

M. de la Bourdonaye ordered great fires to be made along the sands, and sent to all the inhabitants in the neighbourhood for provisions, planks, ropes, and empty barrells; and numbers of them arrived soon after, followed by their negroes, loaded with every thing which might possibly be useful in this distress; not only from the settlements in Poudre d'or, but from the district of Flacque, and the river of the Rampart. One of the oldest inhabitants went up to the Governor, and told him, that he had heard hollow sounds in the mountain; that in the woods he
had

had observed the leaves to shake without wind; and that the sea-birds had come to land for refuge: all which were certain signs of an approaching hurricane. "My good neighbours," said the Governor, "we expect it, and have prepared for it as well as we can; and the vessel also has, without doubt, taken all the precautions that are possible."

In fact, there was every preface of tempestuous weather. The clouds in the zenith were of portentous black in the middle, and fringed with angry red. The air resounded with the cries of tropic and man-of-war birds, Indian terns, and multitudes of sea-fowl, which, notwithstanding the darkness of
the

the atmosphere, came from every quarter of the horizon to seek shelter on the island.

Towards nine o'clock, tremendous sounds, like peals of thunder and cataracts of water, were heard off the shore. All present cried out, "The hurricane! The hurricane!" and in a moment, a furious whirlwind swept away the fog which hung over the isle of Amber and its channel. The St. Gerand was then distinctly seen; her deck crowded with people; her mainmast cut away; her flag reversed; with four cables at the prow, and one at the stern. She had anchored between the isle of Amber and the main land, within the circle of breakers, with which
the

the Isle of France is surrounded, and which she had got through in a place where no vessel had ever passed before. Her head was turned to the tide, and each fresh roll of the sea heaved her prow, and lifted her keel above the water; the same motion sunk her whole stern, and we lost sight of her as if she had been swallowed up. In this situation, with wind and tide driving her towards the land, it was impossible she could get back the way she came, or, by cutting her cables, venture to run upon the sands, on account of the banks and breakers which intervened. Every wave which broke against the shore, drove with fury up to the extremity of the creeks, and bounding

bounding over the cliffs, threw broad sheets of water in upon the land to the distance of fifty feet, and then retiring again, the coast was left dry; and the pebbles rolling violently back with the tide, added a hoarse and horrid sound to the roaring of the water. The wind increasing the swell, the sea ran higher every moment, and the whole channel was one sheet of white foam, divided only by dark hollows: this foam was heaped up to the height of six feet in the bays; and the wind, which swept its surface, carried large flakes of it over the country, like a horizontal snow driven from the sea to the foot of the mountains. The whole atmosphere threatened a long

long continuance of storm; the sea and sky were scarcely distinguishable from each other. Vast volumes of clouds, of portentous appearance, were continually detached from the mass, and whirled across the zenith with the utmost velocity; whilst others remained fixed and immoveable as rocks. No tint of blue appeared in the firmament; but a livid, tawny light tinged all the objects of land, and sea, and air.

In the heel of the ship, what we apprehended came to pass. The cables a-head gave way; and there being only one left at the stern, she was thrown upon the rocks, half a cable-length from the shore. There was then one universal cry

of distress amongst us. Paul would have thrown himself into the sea; but I seized him by the arm, and said, "My dear friend! would you destroy yourself?" "Let me go to her assistance, or let me perish!" he answered. As his despair took away all reason, Domingo and I, to prevent his destruction, tied a long cord round his waist, and held the end of it. Paul then advanced towards the St. Gerand, sometimes swimming, sometimes climbing upon the reef, and was not without hopes of getting on board; for, in the irregularity of its motions, the sea retired at different intervals, and left the vessel nearly upon dry land, so that one might almost have walked
 round

round her; but it instantly returned with double fury, and overwhelmed her with vast volumes of water, and dashed the unfortunate Paul back upon the strand, half drowned, his legs bleeding, and his breast torn and bruised. No sooner did he recover his respiration, than he returned with increasing ardour towards the vessel, which was now going to pieces, unable any longer to resist the violence of the shocks. The hopeless crew threw themselves into the sea, upon the masts and planks, upon hen-coops, tables, and empty barrels: and then appeared, in the gallery of the St. Gerand, an object of everlasting pity and regret! A female figure, extending her arms

arms towards the man who was making such efforts to go to her assistance.—It was Mary—and, by his intrepidity, she had discovered her beloved Paul. The sight of this charming woman, in a situation so full of horror, filled all the beholders with grief. As for her, with the most perfect calmness and fortitude, she made signs to us, and waved her hands to bid us farewell for ever. All the sailors had now left the vessel; one only remained upon the deck, naked, and strong as Hercules. He respectfully approached Mary: we saw him throw himself upon his knees, and try even to divest her of her cloaths; but she turned away her head, and with mild dignity

put

put him from her. All the spectators doubled their cries of "Save her! Save her! Don't leave her!" But in the same instant a mountainous sea was forced with double fury up the channel, and threatened immediate destruction to the vessel—at its dread approach the sailor plunged alone into the water; and Mary, seeing inevitable death before her, drew her cloaths about her with one hand, and held the other to her heart; and, raising her serene eyes to heaven, appeared like an angel ready to ascend to his native skies.

O day of woe! Alas, all was in a moment swallowed up and lost. The surge drove far back upon the beach such of the spectators

as had been led by their humanity to advance towards Mary, as well as the sailor who had wished to save her by swimming. This man, miraculously escaped from death, kneeled upon the sands, and gave thanks to God for having preserved his life; "which, alas!" said he, "I would have freely given to have saved that lovely lady, who would not be prevailed upon to undress as we did." Domingo and I drew the wretched Paul out of the water senseless; the blood streaming from his mouth and ears. The Governor gave him into the care of the surgeons; and we searched along the sands, to see if the body of Mary might haply have been thrown upon the shore;

but the wind having suddenly shifted, as it very commonly does in these hurricanes, we had the additional regret of thinking that we should not be able to pay our last duties to the unfortunate Mary. We left the place in all the consternation of grief; and, in a wreck where so many had perished, the loss of one individual seemed to engross the thoughts of all present. Many, from having seen the fatal end of such unspotted innocence, doubted even if there could exist a Providence; for there are misfortunes so dreadful and so undeserved, that even the hope of the faithful may be shaken.

In the mean time, Paul, who began to shew signs of returning

sense, was carried to a neighbouring house, till he should be sufficiently recovered to be sent home. I went back with Domingo, to prepare the mother of Mary and her friend for this bitter misfortune. When we were near the entrance of the valley of the river Latana, we met some negroes, who informed us, that the tide had driven a great number of planks, and other parts of the wreck, into the opposite bay. We turned back immediately, and went down to it, and one of the first objects that I beheld upon the shore was the body of Mary, half covered with sand, and exactly in the attitude in which we had last seen her. Her fea-

tures were not sensibly altered. Her eyes were closed; yet there was a serenity still upon her countenance; but the pale purple of death was mixed with the blush of virgin modesty. One hand still held her cloaths; the other, which was pressed to her bosom, was closed and stiff. It was with some difficulty that I opened it, and took out a little box: but what were my sensations when I found that it contained the picture of Paul, which she had promised never to part with whilst she had life! At sight of this last proof of love and constancy I wept bitterly. Poor Domingo beat his breast, and pierced the air with his cries.—We

H 3 carried

carried her to the house of a fisherman, and gave some Malabar women charge of her.

Whilst they were occupied in some of the last sad offices, we went up to the cottages, in the greatest agitation of mind. We found Madame de la Tour and Margaret praying, and waiting in anxious expectation for news of the vessel. As soon as Madame de la Tour saw me, she called out, "Where is my child? my dear child?" and when, by my silence and my tears, she could no longer doubt of her loss, she was seized with suffocation, and all the agonies of grief, and of despair. Margaret eagerly cried, "Where is my son? I do not see my son!" and

and she fainted away; we ran to her, and, having brought her to herself, I assured her that Paul was safe, and that the Governor had given orders that he should have every attention paid to him. As soon as she recovered, she was engrossed by her attendance upon her friend, who fell into long fits of fainting, and passed a dreadful night. From these long and severe attacks, I judged that no grief is equal to that of a mother for her child. When her senses returned, she raised her fixed and melancholy eyes to heaven. In vain her friend and I pressed her hands between ours; in vain we strove to awaken her attention to us by the tenderest

and H 4 expressions;

expressions; she remained insensible to all the tokens of our long friendship, and no sound but of deep and heavy sighs came from her oppressed bosom.

In the morning, Paul was laid in a palanquin and brought home. He had recovered his senses; but had not been able to utter a word. His interview with his mother and Madame de la Tour, which I had at first apprehended, was productive of more good effects than any thing which I had tried before. A gleam of comfort appeared upon the countenance of the two afflicted mothers. They both sat down by him, took him in their arms, kissed him; and their tears, which had
been

been suspended by the excess of their grief, now began to flow. Paul soon mixed his tears with theirs: and, after nature had been thus relieved, their passionate grief subsided, and they fell into a state of stupefaction and torpor, which continued a long time, and procured them a sort of lethargic repose, which may indeed be compared to that of death.

M. de la Bourdonaye sent privately to acquaint me, that the body of Mary had been removed to the town by his order, and that from thence it would be carried to the church of Pamplemousse. I went immediately down to Port Lewis, where I found the inhabitants assembled together
from

from all parts of the country to attend the funeral. The vessels in the port had their yards crossed, their flags reversed, and they fired cannon at long intervals. The grenadiers walked first in the procession, with their muskets inclined. Their drums, covered with long crape, returned a deep and melancholy sound; and dejection was in the looks of those veterans, who had so often met danger with a firm and steady countenance. Eight young women, the daughters of the most considerable families, dressed in white, and with branches of palm in their hands, carried the remains of their innocent companion, adorned with flowers; next came a number of children

children singing hymns in chorus; after them walked all the principal persons of the island, the officers and magistrates belonging to the town; and, lastly, the Governor, followed by a multitude of the populace. This was what had been appointed by Government, to shew all possible honour and respect for her memory. But when the procession came to the foot of this mountain, when they saw these cottages, of which she had been the delight, and which her death now filled with despair, all the funeral pomp was forgotten; the hymns and psalms ceased to be sung; and in their stead nothing was heard but lamentation. A number of young girls came down
from

from different parts of the country, to touch the bier with handkerchiefs, and chaplets, and wreaths of flowers, with the veneration which they would have shewn for the holy relics of a saint. Mothers supplicated Heaven that their daughters might imitate her virtues. The young men desired to be blessed with love so constant. The poor prayed for such a friend, and slaves for so kind a mistress.

Arrived at the place of interment, the female negroes of Madagascar, and the Caffrarians of Mosambica, deposited baskets of fruit round the bier, and hung pieces of stuffs upon the neighbouring trees, according to the custom of their country. The
Indian

Indian women of Bengal, and of the Malabar coast, brought cages full of birds, to which they gave their liberty, releasing them over her coffin, and letting them fly — so touching to all nations is the loss of an amiable woman; and round the tomb of unfortunate virtue, all religions are united!

There were guards placed round the grave, and they were obliged to keep back some of the daughters of the poor, who were ready to throw themselves into it, saying, that they had lost their only friend, and that they would follow her, for they had no hope left up on earth.

She

She was buried near the church of Pamplémouffe, on the western side, under some bamboos, where she had been accustomed to repose herself, after she had been at mass with her mother and Margaret, seated by the side of him, whom she then called brother.

After the funeral ceremony was over, M. de la Bourdonaye called to see the family, attended by part of his numerous retinue. He offered to Madame de la Tour and Margaret, every assistance in his power. He said a few words, expressive of his indignation against her unnatural aunt; and then, going up to Paul, he said every thing which he thought might

might be most capable of giving him comfort. "Heaven knows," said he, "that I only wished to promote your happiness and the happiness of the whole family. You must go to France, my young friend; I will take care that you shall have a commission in the army; and, in your absence, I will have as much attention to your mother as if she was my own;" and he took hold of his hand; but Paul withdrew it, and turned away his head.

As for me, I stayed in the house with my afflicted friends, that I might give them every assistance that I was capable of. At the end of three weeks, Paul had so far recovered as to be able to walk;
but

but his grief increased with his strength. He appeared insensible to every thing; his eyes were extinct, and when we spoke to him, he did not answer. Madame de la Tour, languid and almost exhausted, often said, "My dear son, as long as you continue with me, I think that I behold Mary." The sound of her name always occasioned a tremor, and he left them, in spite of his mother's entreaties, who requested him to stay with her friend. He used to go to the foot of Mary's coco-tree, and sit with his eyes fixed upon her fountain. The Governor's surgeon, who had attended him and the ladies with the greatest care, told us, that the most probable means

means of relieving him from the gloomy state of mind into which he was fallen, was to let him pursue his own inclinations, without contradicting him in any thing; and that it was the only way by which we could hope to conquer his mournful and determined silence.

I determined to follow his advice. The first use that Paul made of his returning health, was to go to a distance from home. As I never lost sight of him, I set out immediately after him, and told Domingo to take some provisions, and to follow us. As he descended the hill, his strength and spirits seemed to be renewed. He turned directly to the road which leads to

Pamplemouffe ; and when he was near the church, in the avenue of bamboos, he went strait to the place where he saw that the earth had been lately moved : there he kneeled down, and, raising his eyes to heaven, he made a long prayer. From this proceeding I conceived good hopes that he would recover to a sane mind ; for his devotion to the Supreme Being shewed that his thoughts were taking their natural course. Domingo and I followed his example, and kneeled, and prayed with him. He afterwards went towards the northern side of the island, and walked on without much attending to us. As I was sure that he did not know that the body of Mary had been found,

found, much less where it had been interred, I ventured to ask him what particular reason he had for praying under the bamboos; he only answered, "We have been there so often together!"

He continued his way to the entrance of the forest; there, being overtaken by the night, we were obliged to stop, and I prevailed upon him to take some nourishment; we afterwards lay down at the foot of a tree, and slept upon the grass. The next day I thought that he had some inclination to go back; for he looked for some time towards the church of Pamplémouffe, and her long avenues of bamboo, and made a few steps as if he was going that

way; but he suddenly turned about, and rushed into the forest, continuing his course to the north. I then began to guess his intention, and in vain endeavoured to divert him from it. We came about noon to the district of Poudre d'or. He descended with a quick step to the sea-shore, opposite to the place where the St. Gerand had been lost. When he came within view of the isle of Amber and the Channel, which was then smooth as glass, he cried out, "Mary! My dear Mary!" and sunk down without sense upon the ground. Domingo and I carried him into the interior part of the wood, and with some difficulty recovered him. When his senses were restored,

stored, he would have gone again to the coast; but, having entreated him not to renew his grief and ours by such cruel recollections, he took another road. In this manner he continued for a whole week, wandering from place to place, and visiting all the spots where he remembered to have been with the companion of his childhood. He went through the bye paths to the Black River, the same way which he had gone with Mary, when she solicited the pardon of the mulatto slave; and from thence to the banks of the river of Three Breasts, where she sat down, unable to walk any farther; and then to that part of the wood where they lost themselves. Every spot

which recalled to his mind her amusements, her cares, her beneficence, her repasts—the river of the Long Mountain, my little hut, the neighbouring water-fall, the papayer which she had planted, the turf on which she used to run, the openings in the wood where she delighted to sing, all by turns excited his grief; and the same echoes which had so often returned the sounds of their joy, now only repeated these melancholy accents —“ Mary! My dear Mary!”

In this wild and wandering life, his eyes sunk, his lips grew wan, and his health declined. Well convinced that the memory of past pleasures increases the sense of present evil, and that the passions have

have a double force in solitude, I resolved to remove my unfortunate friend from the scenes which so continually reminded him of his loss, and to take him to those parts of the island where there was most dissipation. For this purpose I went with him to the inhabited heights in the district of Williams, where he had never been. Agriculture and commerce made this a scene of great business and variety. There were companies of carpenters employed, some in squaring the timber, others sawing the planks; carriages coming and going on the roads; herds of cattle and great numbers of horses feeding in extensive pastures, and the country full of houses and vil-

lages. From the high situation of the ground, many of the vegetable productions of Europe succeed there; and we saw crops of wheat in different parts of the plain, large beds of strawberries in the open spaces of the woods, and rose-hedges along the roads. The coolness of the air tends to brace the nerves, and is reckoned salutary to the Europeans. From these heights, which occupy the center of the island, and are surrounded by vast woods, there are no views of the sea, or of Port Lewis, or Pamplemousse, or of any thing that could recall the lost Mary to his mind. Even the mountains, which are varied, and divided into different branches on the

the side of Port Lewis, on the plains of Williams appear only as one long perpendicular cliff, surmounted by high pyramids of rock, where the clouds often rest.

It was to these plains that I conducted Paul. I kept him in continual motion. I walked with him in the heat, and in the rain, in the night, and in the day; purposely losing him in the woods and fields, and newly-cultivated grounds, in hopes to relieve his mind by fatiguing his body, and to engage his attention for a moment, by the difficulty of finding our way, and our ignorance of the places in which we were. But the beloved object is every where present to the lover: neither night, nor day,
neither

neither the calm of solitude, nor the busy scenes of the world, nor even time itself, which fades so many images, has power to remove her idea from him: like the needle, which, however it may be agitated, always turns to the pole when it subsides. I asked Paul, when we were lost in the plains of Williams, which way we should go: he turned to the North, and said, "Those are our mountains; let us go back to them."

I found that all my efforts to dissipate his thoughts were ineffectual, and that I had no resource left but to try, with all the efforts of my feeble reason, to make his passion act against itself: I therefore said to him, "Yes, those are the

the mountains where your dear Mary lived, and this is the portrait that you gave her, and which dying she pressed to her heart, whose last pulse beat for you." And at the same time I held out to him the little picture which he had given to Mary under the coco-trees. He passionately seized it with his feeble hands, and put it to his lips. His respiration became oppressed, and his eyes grew red with tears which could not flow.

"My dear friend," I said to him, "listen to me who love you, who loved Mary, and who, in the midst of all your young hope, endeavoured to fortify your mind against the unforeseen calamities of

neither the calm of solitude, nor the busy scenes of the world, nor even time itself, which fades so many images, has power to remove her idea from him: like the needle, which, however it may be agitated, always turns to the pole when it subsides. I asked Paul, when we were lost in the plains of Williams, which way we should go: he turned to the North, and said, "Those are our mountains; let us go back to them."

I found that all my efforts to dissipate his thoughts were ineffectual, and that I had no resource left but to try, with all the efforts of my feeble reason, to make his passion act against itself: I therefore said to him, "Yes, those are
the

the mountains where your dear Mary lived, and this is the portrait that you gave her, and which dying she pressed to her heart, whose last pulse beat for you." And at the same time I held out to him the little picture which he had given to Mary under the coco-trees. He passionately seized it with his feeble hands, and put it to his lips. His respiration became oppressed, and his eyes grew red with tears which could not flow.

"My dear friend," I said to him, "listen to me who love you, who loved Mary, and who, in the midst of all your young hope, endeavoured to fortify your mind against the unforeseen calamities
of

of life. What is it that you deplore with such bitterness of grief? Is it your own misfortune? or, is it Mary's?

“Your's is indeed great. You have lost the most lovely of women, who would have become the most excellent of wives. She had sacrificed her interests to yours, and, in preference to fortune, had chosen you, as the only reward adequate to her virtues. But, instead of proving the source of pure and disinterested happiness to you, she might have been the cause of infinite misery. She was disinherited, and without resource. You must have supported yourself and her by hard labour. Rendered more delicate by her education,

tion, and her force of mind even increased by difficulty, you would have seen her sinking by degrees under her efforts to lessen your fatigue. If she had had children, it would have augmented all your cares. How would it have been possible for you to have maintained a young family, and your parents far advanced in years?"

"You may say, that the Governor would have assisted you; but, in a colony where the administration is continually changing, you could not always expect to have such men as M. de la Bourdonaye. There might have been Governors without morals, without principles, to whom your wife would have been obliged to pay
court,

court, in order to obtain a paltry supply. If she had been discreet, you would probably have remained poor—and even happy if her beauty and her virtue had not subjected you to the persecution of those from whom you expected assistance!

“ ‘ There is,’ you will say, ‘ a happiness, independent of fortune, the happiness of protecting the object of our affections, whose attachment is increased by distress. By the excess of my anxiety she would have felt consoled; my sufferings would have made her forget her own.’ These, I allow, are a sort of bitter pleasures, which love and virtue are capable of enjoying.—But she is no more; there remains,

remains, however, what next to yourself she held dearest ; your mother, and her own—who will be brought to the grave by your inconsolable grief. Let it be the pleasure of your life, as it was of her's, to attend upon them and support them. Beneficence is the delight of the virtuous ; it is the greatest and most secure of all earthly happiness. The schemes of ease, enjoyment, ambition, luxury, are not made for the transitory life of feeble man. Into what misery have we been plunged, from one step only in pursuit of riches ! You, it is true, opposed it ; but who would not have expected the voyage of Mary to have terminated in the happiness of you both ? The invitation of
a rich

a rich and aged relation; the counsel of an enlightened Governor; the approbation of a whole colony; the exhortations and authority of a priest, decided her fate—and it thus we run to our own destruction, led into error by the prudence even of those by whose opinions we are governed. It would have been better, no doubt, not to have listened to them; not to have trusted to the promises of a deceitful world. But, after all, among the number of those who go to India in quest of riches, or who remain at home and enjoy the luxuries which are brought back to Europe—among all the individuals whom we now see working in this plain—there is not one who is not destined some day to lose
 what

what is most dear to him ; grandeur, riches, wife, children, friends. Most of them, in addition to their loss, may have the pain of thinking that they contributed to their misfortunes by their own folly. But you, when you examine your own heart, can have nothing to reproach yourself with. You have been truly faithful ; and, by not departing from the sentiments of nature, you acted with the wisdom of age, in the flower of your youth. Your views alone were without error, because they were pure, simple, disinterested, and that your right to Mary was a sacred right which no fortune could balance. You have lost her ; and it is not by your imprudence, or

by the false wisdom of the world, or your desire of gain, that you are deprived of her; but by the hand of Providence, which employed the passions of others to take from you the object of your affections; and Heaven, the author and giver of all good, knows what is best for you, and now leaves you no cause for that repentance and despair, which we feel for evils that we have brought upon ourselves.

“ You may, in your affliction, say, I have not deserved it. Is it then the misfortune of Mary, her death, or her present state, that you deplore? Her fate is the same that birth, and beauty, and even empire must submit to. When she

she came into the world, she was condemned to die: and she is to be accounted happy that the bonds of life were dissolved before she lost her mother, your's, before she lost you—by which she would have suffered many deaths before the last!

“ Death, my dear friend, is a blessing to all—it is the night of this restless day, which is called life—the sleep, which for ever eases us from pain, and sickness, and sorrow, and all the doubts and fears which incessantly agitate the living. Examine those whose lot appears the most to be envied: you will find that they have very dearly bought their boasted happiness; reputation in the world

has been purchased perhaps by domestic evils; riches, by loss of health; the fortunate and rare blessing of being beloved, by continual sacrifices; and often, at the end of a life which has been devoted to others, they see themselves surrounded only by interested friends and ungrateful relations. But Mary's lot was unchanged to the last; she was happy, whilst she remained with us, by the blessings of nature, and after she had left us, by her virtues: and even in that awful moment when she perished in our sight, she might still be accounted happy; for, whichever way she cast her eyes, she saw herself the object of affection; whether towards you, who
 † were,

were; with such intrepidity striving to go to her assistance, or to a whole colony, anxious and trembling for her safety. Conscious of her innocence, she looked forward to futurity without dismay, and she received the reward which is reserved for the virtuous; for Heaven gave her fortitude, which raised her above danger; and she met death with a firm and serene countenance.

“ The different events of life are trials, by which Heaven proves the virtuous, and shews that they alone can profit by them, and turn them to their glory and honour. Those who are destined to illustrious fame, are raised to some exalted and conspicuous situation,

and have to combat against death : their courage then serves as an example, and posterity pays the tribute of their tears to the memory of their misfortunes. This everlasting monument is reserved for them, in a world where all perishes and vanishes away, and in which the fame of kings is soon buried in oblivion.

“ But Mary still exists. Every thing changes upon earth ; but nothing is lost. All the art of man could not annihilate the smallest particle of matter ; and is it possible that what possessed reason, benevolence, love, virtue, piety, should have perished, when the elements which composed the outward form that contained it, cannot be destroyed ?

stroyed? Oh! if Mary was happy whilst she was with us, she is much more so now. There is a Supreme Being, my dear friend: all nature bears witness of him; I have no need of arguments to prove it to you. Nothing but the wickedness of men, can make them deny the eternal Justice which they have reason to fear. The sentiment of his existence is in your heart, as his works are before your eyes. Can you believe then, that Mary has been left unrewarded? Can you suppose that the same Power, which enclosed her exalted soul in a form so beautiful, that it bespoke its divine original, could not have saved

her from the waves? That he who regulated the present happiness of man; according to laws which we do not comprehend, cannot prepare a future state of happiness for her, according to laws that are equally unknown to us? When we were yet uncreated, if we had been capable of thought, could we have formed any idea of our present existence? and, now that we are in this dark and transitory life, can we foresee what is beyond the gates of death, through which we must necessarily pass when we go out of it? Does the Creator want this little globe for the display of his wisdom and goodness, like feeble man; and, can

can the human race be only multiplied in the fields of death? There is not a drop of water in the ocean, which does not teem with living creatures that bear affinity to ourselves; and, is it possible, that in the number of planets which roll over our heads, there should be nothing which has any relation to us? Is the Supreme Wisdom and Beneficence limited to the spot which we inhabit? and, can those innumerable and shining worlds, and the surrounding fields of light which no darkness can obscure, be an empty useless space, an eternal vacuum! If we, who of ourselves have nothing, should dare to assign limits to that Power

from

from whose hands we have received every thing, we might think that we were here upon the boundary of his empire, where life combats against death, and innocence against tyranny.

“ Without doubt there somewhere exists a place where virtue receives its reward, and Mary is happy. Oh! if she could now speak to you, she would say, as she did when she left you : ‘ O Paul, life is only a trial. I have been obedient to the laws of nature, of love, and of virtue. I crossed the seas in obedience to my relations ; I renounced wealth, and preserved my faith to you, and my innocence to the last. It pleased Heaven to
finish

finish my course. I have escaped for
 ever from all the difficulties, the
 storms, the miseries of life, and the
 sight of the sufferings of others.
 None of the evils which threaten
 man can henceforth reach me; and
 you pity me! I am pure and un-
 changeable as a particle of light;
 and you would call me back to the
 darkness of the world!—O Paul!
 O my dear friend! remember those
 days of delight, when heaven
 seemed to open with the sun upon
 the pikes of the mountain, and
 spread through the forest with his
 rays; we felt an enchantment of
 which we did not know the cause.
 In the innocence of our hearts we
 wished to be all sight, to behold
 the

the beautiful colours of the dawn;
 all smell, to enjoy the fragrance of
 our plants; all ear, to hear the
 melody of the birds; and all soul,
 to express our gratitude for such
 blessings. Now, placed at the
 source from which every thing that
 is lovely upon earth is derived, my
 mind enjoys, and sees, and hears,
 and touches, without intervention,
 what formerly could only be made
 present to me through the medium
 of feeble organs. Oh! what lan-
 guage could describe those coasts
 of eternal day, which are my habi-
 tation for ever! All that infinite
 power and celestial goodness could
 create, to console a suffering be-
 ing; all that the affection of in-
 numerable

numerable spirits, partaking of the same unspeakable bliss, can give of harmony to our general happiness, we enjoy pure and unalloyed. Support your present trial, that hereafter you may still add to the felicity of your Mary, by love which shall know no end, by a Hymen whose torch can never more be extinguished. Then I will calm your regrets; then I shall wipe away your tears. O, my friend! my espoused! raise your soul to eternity, that you may be enabled to bear the sufferings of a moment."

From the emotion I felt myself, I ceased to speak. Paul, looking stedfastly at me, cried out, "She is

is no more! She is no more!" and a long oppression succeeded these melancholy words. Afterwards, when he was a little recovered, he said, "Since death then is a blessing, and that Mary is happy, I will die also, and go to her." All that I had suggested for his consolation, had therefore only tended to nourish his despair. I was like a man endeavouring to save his friend who has fallen into the water, and who absolutely refuses to swim. Grief had overwhelmed him. Alas! it is the sufferings of the first years which prepare a man to enter into life, and Paul had never experienced any.

I brought

I brought him home. I found his mother and Madame de la Tour in a state of languor, which had increased during our absence. Margaret appeared to be the most dejected. Those characters which, from vivacity of temper, pass lightly over common misfortunes, are the soonest overcome by great afflictions.

“O my good neighbour!” said she, “I thought, in my dreams last night, that I saw Mary clad in white, walking in delightful woods and gardens. She told me that she enjoyed unspeakable happiness; and then, coming towards Paul with a smiling countenance, she took him away with her. Whilst

I was endeavouring to detain my son, I felt myself quitting the earth, and with a sensation of pleasure that I cannot describe. I turned to take leave of my friend, and saw her following, with Frances and Domingo. But, what is still more remarkable, Madame de la Tour had a dream this same night, which resembled mine in almost every circumstance."

"My dear friend," I answered, "nothing can happen upon this earth without the permission of Heaven. Dreams sometimes announce the truth."

Madame de la Tour related to me the dream she had had the night before, which differed but little

little from that of Margaret. I had never observed, in either of my friends, any tendency to superstition; I was the more struck therefore with the coincidence of these dreams, and I doubted not, in my own mind, that they would be realised. That the truth is sometimes revealed to us during our sleep, is an opinion which has prevailed amongst all the nations of the earth. It has been believed by the greatest characters of antiquity; amongst others, by Alexander, Cæsar, the two Scipio's, the two Cato's, and Brutus, who certainly had not a weak mind. Both the Old and the New Testament furnish many examples of dreams

which have been fulfilled. For myself, I have need only of my own experience to convince me, that dreams are admonitions, which we receive from some intelligent being for our good. But it is not possible either to defend or to refute by argument, things which surpass human understanding.— However, if the reason of man is but an image of that of the Supreme Being; as man is able to convey his intentions by hidden ways from one end of the earth to the other, why may not the Wisdom, which governs the universe, employ like means for the same end? A friend sends consolation to a friend in a letter, which crosses

various kingdoms, and passes through contending nations, and brings hope and joy to one individual; why may not the Protector of innocence communicate comfort, by some secret method, to the virtuous mind, whose only trust is in him? He needs no outward signs for the execution of his will, who in all his works continually acts by internal powers.

Why should we doubt of dreams? Life itself, filled with so many vain and transitory projects, what is it but a dream?

But be that as it will, the dream of my unfortunate friends was soon accomplished. Paul died two months after the loss of his beloved Mary, whose name he incessantly

L. 2 repeated.

repeated. Margaret saw her end approach in a week after that of her son, with a satisfaction which virtue alone can feel. She took the most affectionate leave of Madame de la Tour, in the delightful expectation of meeting her again, never more to part. "Death," said she, "is a blessing which one should wish for. If life is a punishment, one must desire that it should cease: if it is a trial, one must hope to have it short."

Government took care of Frances and Domingo, who were no longer able to work, and did not long survive their mistress. Poor Tayo pined away, and died almost at the same time with his master.

I took

I took Madame de la Tour to my house; she supported herself, in the midst of these dreadful losses, with incredible fortitude. She comforted Paul and Margaret to the last moment, as if she had had no affliction but theirs to endure. When they were taken from her, she talked to me of them every day, as of beloved friends who were in the neighbourhood: however, she outlived them but a few weeks.—As to her aunt, far from accusing her as the author of her misfortunes, she prayed to Heaven to pardon her, and to calm the restless disorder of mind into which she had fallen immediately after she had so inhumanly sent Mary away.

The cruelty of this unnatural woman was soon punished. I heard, by means of several vessels which successively arrived, that she was tormented by a distressful state of spirits, which made her equally incapable of supporting life, or bearing the approach of death. Sometimes she reproached herself for the untimely end of the charming Mary, and the loss of her mother, which was the consequence of it. Sometimes she applauded herself, for having banished from her sight two wretched beings, who had, she said, disgraced their family by their mean attachments. Sometimes the crowds of poor, which she saw at Paris, gave her an impatience of temper, and she
asked,

asked, why they were not sent to die in the colonies; adding, that the ideas of humanity, religion, virtue, amongst different nations, were only the inventions of those in power. Then, running into the opposite extreme, she gave herself up to superstitious terrors, and carried large sums to be disposed of in alms by the Monks, who were her directors, intreating them to appease Heaven by the sacrifice of her whole fortune; as if those riches, which had been refused to the unfortunate, could be acceptable to the Father of men! Sometimes in her imagination she saw countries in flames, and burning mountains, where hideous spectres

L 4 wandered

wandered up and down, and with a dreadful voice summoned her to join them. She kneeled at the feet of her confessors, and invented penances and tortures, to inflict upon herself—for eternal justice inspires the cruel with a religion full of terror.

In this manner she passed several years, unbelieving and superstitious by turns; her life a burthen, and the apprehension of death insupportable.

But the wealth, for which she had sacrificed the sentiments of natural affection, was at last the cause which put an end to her miserable existence. She had the mortification to find, that her fortune

tune would descend to relations who were odious to her; she endeavoured therefore to alienate the greatest part of it; but they, taking advantage of her fits of despondency, confined her, upon the pretence of her being disordered in her senses, and put her estate into the hands of trustees. Thus her destruction was completed by her riches; and, as they had hardened the heart of their possessor, they also made those unnatural who were in expectation of them. At length she died; and, for the completion of wretchedness, with sufficient use of her understanding to perceive, that she was plundered and despis-

ed

ed by the very persons whose opinions had directed her all her life.

The body of Paul was deposited by the side of his beloved Mary, under the same reeds; and near them lay their fond mothers and faithful servants. No monuments were raised upon their humble turfs; no epitaphs were engraved in honour of their virtues: but their memory, never to be effaced, remains imprinted on the hearts of those who experienced their kindness. They needed not that pomp in death, which in their lives they had avoided; but, if they are still mindful of what passes upon earth, without doubt they delight to visit the

the thatched roofs which shelter industry and virtue; to comfort the poor who repine at their lot; and in young lovers to encourage constant affection, simple tastes, love of labour, and dread of riches.

The voice of the people, which is silent when monuments are raised in honour of princes, has given names to some parts of this island, which will for ever perpetuate the memory of Mary. Near the isle of Amber, amongst the rocks, there is a place called the streights of the St. Gerand, which is the name of the vessel which was wrecked there when it brought her back from Europe.

The

The end of that long neck of land, which you perceive, half under water, about three leagues from hence, and which the St. Gerand could not double the night before the hurricane, in order to gain the port, is called the *Cap Malheureux*; and in front here, at the end of the valley, is the *Baie du Tombeau*, where Mary was found buried in the sand, as if the sea had endeavoured to bring back her body to her family, and to render the last duties to her delicacy, upon the same shores which she had honoured by her innocence.

Oh! unfortunate mothers! children so fondly united! beloved family!

mily! These woods, which afforded you shade; these fountains, which flowed for you; these hills, where you reclined together, still deplore your loss. No one has since dared to cultivate this desolate spot, or repair these humble dwellings. Your goats are become wild; your gardens are destroyed; your birds are fled; and there is now no sound but the screams of hawks, wheeling round the valley. As for me, since I have lost you, I am as a friend who has no friends, as a father bereft of his children, as a traveller wandering alone upon the earth.

IN saying these words, he arose
and left me, with tears in his eyes,
mine had often flowed in the
course of his melancholy narra-
tion.

FINIS.



